

## UNCLE'S TROPHIES

Tom Brown and Jack Smith had been schoolmates together, but, as often happens, had drifted apart during the years that followed. Then, quite accidentally, they met again one day, and somehow the conversation turned to the subject of athletics.

"Let me see!" said Brown. "You never came across my brother, did you? He's a fine runner, you know. Why, only last week he won a gold medal in a Marathon race."

"Ah!" said Smith, raising his eyebrows in genuine admiration. Then, a faint smile playing round his lips, he added: "And did I ever tell you about my uncle?"

"Well, in his day, not only did he get a gold medal for five miles, and one for ten miles, but two sets of carvers for cycling, a silver medal for swimming, two cups for wrestling, to say nothing of badges for boxing and rowing.

"You see," Smith continued, while his friend sat speechless with amazement, "the uncle in question kept a pawnshop!"

Garage owners are setting up an awful roar about the increasing price of gasoline. Ha, ha! We're glad to hear those garage villians roar. But, confound it, we've been paying the bills, come to think of it. Hear us! Wow, wow, wow!

At any rate, Adam couldn't have been a poet. Poets are born, not made.

## NOT THE STEAK

Sitting in a graceful morning gown with coffee stain effects on the front, the poetess mused,

"My thoughts are burning," she suddenly exclaimed.

The gaunt man sitting opposite showed signs of interest.

"Then it isn't the steak, after all?" he ventured.

She heard him not.

Two young women were exchanging confidences one afternoon as they sipped their tea. "He didn't tell me he loved me," said the younger of the two, with a happy reminiscent smile, as she toyed with her spoon, "but he kissed me." "Well," replied the other, "he must love you if he kissed you."

TEE-HEE! IT  
WORKED FINE!  
I POKED IT AT JEM  
AND GOT AWAY IN  
A HURRY!

